

broken hearted, away from home and mother, poor and alone, I came to the Cross, and poured out my sorrows to Him. I told it all to Jesus, and to him alone; for no one living can comfort a childish, crushed heart like mine. But oh! Doctor, why did I not give my spring time to Christ? Why did I wait until my spirit was crushed before I came unto him and offered to his pure hands this wretched soul that the Devil was tired of?

"The reason of my writing you is that one of your dear books was loaned to me, and it was such a bright 'light on the dark cloud' hanging over my young life. I am very poor; but I need such help as your books can give me. When I get a little older I can have the Bible alone, but I want now the plain writings of one who knows the weakness of human hearts. And when you say such sweet things I can almost see my baby in the arms of Jesus."

To this touching and eloquent leaf of heart history, which suggests more than it says, and which reads like a sequel to the parable of the Prodigal Son, I need not add one syllable. Unto whom shall we go in the soul's dark distresses but to Him who is lifting this poor girl out of the billows? But why wait to be driven to Jesus by hailstorm and tempest? Listen, Oh ye who have drifted the farthest from him; listen to the voice you may not hear much longer—"Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Set your face instantly toward Jesus.

The Home

Sunrise Among the Hills

His mercies are new every morning.

Heavy and long is the night,
The sea moans in blackness of darkness—
There may be a wreck ere the light.
Lo! sudden—a gleam on the mountains—
The shadows are fleeing away:
God touches the clouds with sun-fingers,
And opens the gates of the day.

His mercies are new every morning,
And, O! His compassions ne'er fail,
To the timid sheep, cropping the herbage,
The mariner, breasting the gale,
The child, born to love and to laughter,
The sinner, whom tears cannot shrive,
The mourner, left sleeping for sorrow,
The sick man, who wakes up alive!

"His mercies are new every morning,"
In the joy of our youth-time we sung;
"His mercies are new every morning,"
We sing yet, with faltering tongue;
And we'll sing it till bursts the grand music
That all earth's faint anthems stills,
And we see the Day-star arising
Above the eternal hills.

—Dinah M. Mulock Craik.

"THE LOVE OF GOD WHICH IS IN CHRIST JESUS OUR LORD"

GEO. F. PENTECOST

There are a great many people who profess to believe in God and declare that they are relying upon his character as Love for their salvation. At the same time they reject Jesus Christ as the only Mediator between God and man. "Since God is Love,"

they say, "where is the need of a Mediator? Why should we plead the Atonement, or why indeed should God require one in order to our forgiveness and salvation?"

There are no two more precious doctrines in the Bible than those of the Love of God and the Divine Fatherhood of God. And yet it is sorrowfully true that there are no two doctrines of revelation which are more abused by men who profess to believe them than these. It is a common thing to find men who excuse themselves from the confession of Christ on the ground of their alleged belief in the Love and Fatherhood of God. These people set the Love and Fatherhood of God in opposition to the doctrine of salvation thru faith in Christ, and deny that the Fatherhood of God is only revealed in the Son of God, and that sonship is only obtained thru faith in him, by which we are born of the Spirit and so made partakers of his divine nature.

Several summers since I was preaching in a little schoolhouse on the south shore of Massachusetts, where I was spending a part of my vacation. At the close of one service held on a week night, at which there were about one hundred and fifty persons present (a large portion of whom were summer guests residing in the neighborhood) a lady came up and spoke to me, and in a very patronizing manner told me that she had "quite enjoyed" my discourse. To which I replied expressing thanks that she had been pleased, and then in turn asked her a question which is common with me under these circumstances.

"And are you a Christian, madam?"

"I believe in God," was her reply.

"Yes; but are you a Christian?" I again asked.

"Well, I suppose not in your sense."

"Never mind my sense," I replied. "Are you a Christian in any sense?"

"Well, I have no doubt that Jesus Christ was a very good man, and that he lived and died perhaps as you have said; but then I do not believe that he was the Son of God."

"Then you do not believe the record which God has given of him in the Bible?"

"No, I do not believe the Bible is a divinely inspired book. I cannot believe that the accounts of the birth and resurrection of Jesus Christ are true. I believe them to be mere delusions, born of the enthusiasm of the early disciples of Christ, and probably invented or written about the second century; and the historical records, so-called in the Old Testament, are too absurd and improbable to be taken any serious thought of except as allegories or religious fables."

"Then," I replied, with a surprised tone, "you are an infidel."

"Oh! no, I am not an infidel; for I believe in God with all my heart and soul."

"Indeed," I replied. "And in what God do you believe?"

"Why, in the God of Nature; in the God of Love."

"And is the God of Nature the God of Love?"

"Why, certainly," with much surprise in her tone.

"But, madam, pardon me, how and where did you find out that the God of Nature is the God of Love? Who informed you of that truth? In what ancient religious book or modern philosophical treatise did you come across this discovery? I ask you this question not out of captiousness, but very sincerely; for you must know that the question of the disposition of the God of the universe toward his creatures has been a matter of speculative controversy since men began to make inquiry into the being and attributes of God. So far as I know, the Bible alone, among all books, has clearly taught us this sublime truth, and Jesus Christ is the complete revelation and embodiment of the love of God."

"Oh!" was her prompt reply, "I do not need to consult books, either religious or philosophical, to teach me that God is Love. Nature is my teacher. I am an artist, don't you know, and I spend my summers by the sea and in the woods sketching; and all Nature speaks to me of the love of God. The music of the sea as it laps the shingles on the beach, the sighing of the evening zephyrs, the moonlight on the water, the beautiful foliage of the trees and the lovely green grass that carpets the earth, the beauty and the fragrance of the flowers, the twinkling of the stars in the clear heavens above, the glinting of the sunbeams thru the leaves and branches of the trees, the singing of the birds and—oh everything in Nature reminds me that God is Love. I think it is a horrid doctrine which you ministers preach that the love of God is revealed and manifested in the awful story of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. I cannot believe in such a cruel God. For if he were Love he would never have allowed his Son to be murdered as the Jews murdered Jesus Christ, and especially would he never have deliberately given him up to such a death, and refused to answer him when he called out 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' No God of Love would ever have acted in that manner toward his Son."

And so she went in a kind of poetical rhapsody over Nature and in a polite tirade against the story of the cross. I let her talk on until she stopped, almost out of breath, and then replied to her somewhat as follows:

"My dear madam, all that you say about the sea, and the flowers, and the sunlight, and the voice of birds is very beautiful; but last month, just over there in sight of land there was a noble ship dashed to pieces on the rocks, and more than fifty sailors who had been away from home two years on a whaling voyage were sent to the bottom of the ocean, almost in sight and hearing of their wives and children. Tell me, what does the frightful and merciless fury of the ocean, when lashed by storm and tempest teach you? If the flowers tell of the love